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MR. WRENCH,  
AS BELMOUR.

Orberry's Edition.

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# IS HE JEALOUS?

*AN OPERETTA;*

IN ONE ACT;

BY

*Samuel Beazley, Esq.*

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THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH  
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

*English Opera.*

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*LONDON:*

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## Remarks.

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WHETHER the present system of Theatrical monopoly is right or wrong, we shall not take upon ourselves to decide, but it is quite clear, that a monopoly on the one hand gives rise to certain claims on the other; when a trade of any kind is opened to all who chuse to embark in it, the buyer will be enabled to suit himself from the variety of the market; if he does not like the goods or price of one seller, he may apply to a second, a third, and so on till he meets with satisfaction; but limited as the Theatrical market now is, the public have a right to decide upon the quality and price of purchase Above all, we think the introduction of French articles, unless when they are decidedly superior to our own produce, is a thing not to be tolerated; why are our own authors to be excluded from the stage to make room for pieces from the minor French Theatre? This is the way to ruin the modern English drama. Upon this principle we enter an absolute protest, as far as it may be allowed to us, against "Is He Jealous," which appears to be an alteration from some Vaudeville, and in its English dress is the work of an author, who had no occasion to go to France for his materials; his farce of the "Boarding House," though it caricatures only external habits, and therefore must die with those habits, is yet worth a thousand of this description.

The language of this little piece is neat, but without much point, and with less character; there is no peculiar mark by



which to appropriate any part of the dialogue to its speaker; the plot is extremely simple but hardly probable, not that the want of probability can be considered as a very grievous defect in a farce, but it does not well agree with such simplicity of fable. The general tone of it is playful, arch, and gay, never perhaps rising to wit or humour, but never degenerating into dullness.

The Author of this piece is a native of London, and was born in Parliament-street in the year 1786. His dramatic pieces are the *Boarding House—Is he Jealous—Old Customs—My Uncle—Bachelor's Wives—Fire and Water—The Bull's Head—and Jealous on all Sides*. The whole produced at the English Opera House; to which Theatre he has been the architect as well as Author since it was rebuilt in the year 1815 from his designs.

# Costume.

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## MR. BELMOUR.

White trowsers, fancy morning waistcoat, handsome dressing gown white ground with brown spots, pink frogs, lined with pink silk stockings, red slippers.

## 2 SERVANTS.

Liveries heavy (after the manner of the Duke of Northumberland's.)

## HARRIET.

1st. Dress.—Fashionable green frock coat, lined with yellow silk, white waistcoat and trowsers, Wellington boots, round hat. 2nd Dress.—Elegant white satin.

## MRS. BELMOUR.

Full dress for visiting, figured pink satin trimmed elegantly, head dress of flowers.

## ROSE.

Light figured gown, white muslin neck handkerchief, and apron, cap, with green ribband twilled neatly round it.

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## *Stage Directions.*

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H. ....		Left Hand.
S.E. ....		Second Entrance
U.E. ....		Upper Entrance.
M.D. ....		Middle Door.
D.F. ....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D. ....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. ....		Left Hand Door.

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## Advertisement.

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*To the excellence of the performance, more than to its intrinsic merits, this Dramatic Trifle is indebted for the success which has attended its representation; and the Author begs leave to acknowledge, with his best thanks, those exertions which have given to his production more than an ephemeral existence.*

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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*Belmour, a studious Man.....Mr. Wrench.*

*Mrs. Belmour, his Wife.....Mrs. W. S. Chatterley.*

*Harriet, her Sister, in male attire.....Miss Kelly.*

*Rose, her Woman.....Mrs. Pincott.*

SCENE.—*A Drawing-room in Belmour's House.*

TIME.—*A Morning.*

## IS HE JEALOUS?

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SCENE I.—*A Drawing-room in Belmour's House*  
—*Two doors in flat—One leading to Belmour's*  
*Study, the other to Mrs. Belmour's Boudoir—A*  
*Piano Forte—A Sofa in the centre—A light nearly*  
*expiring on the Table—A Window looking into the*  
*Street—Day-light.*

ROSE discovered sleeping upon the Sofa—her work  
in her Hands.

*Bel.* (*Ringing Bell, and calling from his Study, R.H.*)  
Williams! Williams! Williams, I say!

*Rose.* (*Waking—Gaping.*) Eh! What! My master  
calling—why, it is day-light, as I am alive, and my  
mistress not yet returned. Ah, if my master were  
awakened thus early by love instead of study—but  
there he sits in that room among his musty old books,  
while he suffers my handsome mistress to spend all her  
time by herself in that pretty boudoir of hers, from  
which he can almost hear her sigh for him; yet they say  
he loves her—Well, I can't think it, or he would never  
see with indifference the young and handsome Mr.  
Percival perpetually with her, at the theatre, balls, and  
every where. Wrapped up in study, he seems to for-  
get that even my mistress is flesh and blood. He de-  
fied her yesterday to make him jealous, and swore it  
was impossible he could ever be so. (*Gaping.*) Oh

lord, I am very sleepy;—while ladies are dancing away, they seldom think of their poor servants who are sitting up for them at home.

## SONG.

*Oh! would I were some lady bright,  
To dance away the live long night,  
Thro' pleasure's maze to roam,  
In opera, ball, or masquerade,  
Instead of lowly waiting-maid,  
To gape away at home.  
Oh! then how gay—to dance away,  
To opera, ball, or crowded play,  
Deck'd out in gaudy clothes,—  
To dance and shine—so gay and fine,  
And make a thousand lovers pine  
To win the heart of Rose.  
While waltzing here—chasséing there,  
'Twould be—was ever girl so fair!—  
So fair and fine as Rose!  
Partners pleasing—fingers squeezing—  
Now poussetting—now coquetting,  
Thro' fan spying—lovers sighing—  
Was ever bliss so rare!  
As waltzing here—chasséing there,  
While each one says, no girl so fair—  
So fair and fine as Rose!*

Well, this is the first time my mistress has ever staid out in this way, however—perhaps she may at last give him cause to be jealous. Yes, yes, with the Argus eyes of a waiting-maid, I see how it will end—intrigue—plot—I see it all. (*Noise in Study.*) Ah, he is coming—I must not for the world let him know my mistress has been out all night.

*Enter BELMOUR, R.H.—A Volume in his hand,*

*(Reading.)*

*“ Trifles, light as air,*

*“ Are to the jealous, confirmations strong*

*“ As proofs of holy writ.”*

This axiom is indeed a just censure upon the weakness of a jealous mind ; and does Elizabeth suppose mine could ever admit such a feeling ? Never !

*Rose. (Aside.)* Don't be too sure.

*Bel.* That husband is indeed deserving of pity, who, harbouring suspicion in his breast, turns an indefatigable Argus in his anxious watchings, and becomes the very shadow of his wife.

*Rose.* True, sir ; too much suspicion may offend our sex, but too great security is quite as displeasing to us, I assure you. The husband whose jealousy would see every thing, exposes himself to the danger he fears ; but he who sees nothing, exposes himself still more. To speak plainly, sir, I think you play a hazardous game.

*Bel.* To any one but me, Rose, I confess your opinion might be applicable ; but I know my Elizabeth : —if she be occupied by gaieties, they are innocent ; she pursues them to amuse herself, not to deceive me. Ought I to transform the marriage ring into a chain of bondage ?

*Rose.* Certainly not, sir !

*Bel.* She always returns early, and quits the giddy throng with favourable dispositions towards the retirement of her own home. My friend Percival, who knows so well how to combine amusement with philosophy, always attends her.

*Rose. (Aside.)* Lord, lord, was ever such a man !

*Bel.* May I wake your mistress, Rose ?

*Rose.* It is yet very early, sir ; my mistress was very tired last night, sir—Pardon me, sir, but I think she had better sleep a little longer, sir.

*Bel.* I will wait then till she rings.



*Rose. (Aside.)* You will wait some time then, I fancy.

*Bel.* No, no; a few hours spent in amusement at her age, preserve and occupy the elasticity of youth—and you, for such a trifle, would have me jealous. I am as sure of my wife as I am of myself; our love and confidence is mutual—she sleeps beyond her usual hour this morning; I must steal silently to her pillow, and snatch one kiss from her rosy lips as she sleeps.

*Rose. (Stopping him.)* Oh no, sir, you had better not—my mistress was very tired when she went to bed; she was indeed, sir; and besides she had a—a—

*Bel.* Well, well, I will not disturb her.

*Rose. (Aside.)* Thank heaven!

*Bel.* I will occupy myself till she wakes, with this problem, which Percival has given me to solve—He has found it too difficult. (*Sits down.*)

*Rose. (Aside.)* Lord, lord, I wish he'd go. (*Loud*) You'll be less interrupted in your study, sir.

*Bel.* No, no, I am very well here—be quiet.

*Rose. (Aside.)* That he may not occupy himself with his wife, Mr. Percival gives my master a more difficult problem to solve than woman; while he—Oh, I see it all—(*Noise of a carriage, Rose looks out of Window, L.H.*) As I am alive, my mistress—what shall I do now? (*Anxiously.*)—You would be much better in your own room, sir, indeed you would.

*Bel.* No, no, let me alone.

*Rose. (Aside.)* The devil take the problem—my mistress will come in—all will be known—Oh, I see it all. (*Loud.*) The servants will be wanting to clean the room, sir, and you'll be in the way.

(*Knocking at Door.*)

*Bel.* Ah! who can that be so early?

*Rose.* I shall die of fright.

*Bel.* See who it is, Rose.

*Rose.* Its nobody, sir.

*Bel.* Oh, let him in—

*Rose.* 'Tis some mistake—some runaway knock, sir, most likely.



*Bel.* Look who it is, I say.

*Rose.* It is Mr. What's-his-name—Mr.—Oh lord, I've forgotten his name.

*Bel.* (*Rises, goes towards Window, but is stopped by Rose.*) I must see myself then.

(*knocks again.*)

*Rose.* It is Mr. Percival, sir.

*Bel.* Ah, anxious about his problem, I suppose—He never suffers his pleasures to interrupt his studies. I am nearly ready for him. (*Knock.*) I'll to my study for a pen. Quick! run and admit Mr. Percival, I will be with him in a few minutes. [*Exit into his Study, R.H.*]

*Rose.* Thank heaven, he is gone.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Without.*) I believe you are right, Mr. Percival, I will follow your advice. Send her therefore the moment she arrives; make haste, or you'll be too late—farewell.

*Rose.* Ah! she dismisses Mr. Percival in haste.—She fears lest my master should see him—Oh, it is clear—I see it all—poor Mr. Belmour!

*Enter Mrs. BELMOUR L.H.*

*Mrs. Bel.* Why, all the men were asleep, I think. I knocked three times—

*Rose.* (*In a low tone.*) Hush, ma'am, speak lower.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Loudly.*) Speak lower! for what reason?

*Rose.* (*Pointing to the Study Door.*) My master is there, ma'am

*Mrs. Bel.* Ah, in his study so early! what can engage such particular attention?

*Rose.* A problem, madam.

*Mrs. Bel.* He is a problem himself, I think. Do you know why he did not join me at Mrs. Wildishes' ball?

*Rose.* He was hard at work with his books.

*Mrs. Bel.* Books, books! nothing but books. They are his business—his pleasure—his every thing. Was he uneasy at my absence?

*Rose.* Not at all, ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* Did he sit up for me long?

*Rose.* Oh no, ma'am. He went to bed at his usual hour.

*Mrs. Bel.* Heigho! what a strange mortal. Has he entered my apartment this morning?

*Rose.* (*Cunningly.*) Oh no, ma'am; he wished it, but I knew how to hinder him.

*Mrs. Bel.* Hinder him! and why should you hinder him?

*Rose.* (*Mysteriously.*) I told him you were asleep, ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Loudly and surprised.*) Asleep!

*Rose.* Yes, yes, for heaven's sake speak lower.

*Mrs. Bel.* What! I have passed the night out, and he does not even know it!

*Rose.* No, madam, he has not the least idea of such a thing, I managed it so well.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Angrily and proudly.*) And by what authority did you use this management? Did I order you to be silent? Know for the future, that such conduct is in the highest degree displeasing to me; and if you value my favour, you will never repeat it.

*Rose.* Was ever such ingratitude! lord ma'am, I thought to oblige you by it.

*Mrs. Bel.* You have seriously offended me.

*Rose.* Ah, madam, pray pardon me, such an intention was the farthest from my thoughts, believe me.

*Mrs. Bel.* Remember for the future, that nothing mysterious must ever attach itself to my conduct.

*Rose.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* Mystery implies guilt, and authorizes suspicion.

*Rose.* Yes ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* To atone for your fault, go instantly and tell Mr. Belmour that I am but this moment arrived. Do you hear me?

*Rose.* Ma'am!

*Mrs. Bel.* Obey me then directly.

*Rose.* Yes, ma'am—(*Aside.*) Oh lord, was ever such woman? [*Exit angrily into the Study, R.H.*]

*Mrs. Bel.* It is but too plain—neither to come to me, nor to wait for me—to sleep peaceably in my absence—to leave me a whole night besieged by a thousand coxcombs. Free from all suspicion, and happy in his solitary pursuits, in his learned retreat he forgets his Elizabeth.—Heigho! I can suffer it no longer; in cultivating the head, he forgets the heart.—I must try and rouse him from this lethargy of indifference—Yes, Percival, I will follow your advice—I will try him—my sister, who arrives this day, will answer my purpose. Let me see what time she will be here—(*Reads Letter.*) *At length, my dear Elizabeth, I have settled my late husband's affairs. I am free—am arrived in England, a young and not unhand-some widow. My old general, you know, was my father's choice; my next shall be my own. Obligated to travel alone on the Continent, where such things are not so uncommon as in our own prudent country, I have made my journey in disguise; and being yet unwilling to put off, what are frequently the only attributes upon which the other sex claim their superiority, I will show you what a spruce beau your sister Harriet makes, before I resume my own clothes.*—Ah, spruce enough, my wild sister. The very thing to play the part of a dangerous lover—(*Reads.*) *I shall be at home on the 10th, early in the morning, where I shall expect you to welcome me—your sister Harriet.*—This is the very morning—Percival is gone to meet her, and explain our plan; and heaven grant that I may be made happy by making my husband jealous.

*Enter ROSE, pushed out of the Study Door, R.H.*

*Rose.* Was ever such madness!

*Mrs. Bel.* Well, Rose! Is Mr. Belmour coming?

*Rose.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* Have you not told him I am waiting?

*Rose.* Oh, yes, ma'am, I told him often enough, and loud enough.

*Mrs. Bel.* Well!

*Rose.* His arms cross'd—his head buried up to his ears in his shoulders—his eye fixed upon the Turkey carpet—he muttered some words in a low voice. For my part, I think he is possessed, and that it was the devil that spoke within him. My mistress is arrived, says I—not a word—She is waiting for you, says I again—still silent—she is impatient to see you, cried I as loud as I could bawl in his ear; he started up, looked terribly angry, seized me by the shoulders, shook the breath out of my body, banged me out of the room, and sat down again quietly to his mathematics, as though nothing had happened.

*Mrs. Bel.* This is too much—

*Rose.* I am sure, ma'am, my master is crazed.

*Mrs. Bel.* It is indeed time that I should attempt his cure. (*Knocking at the Door.*)

*Rose.* Ah, somebody knocks.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

*Mrs. Bel.* It is my sister.

*Enter ROSE, gaily, L.H.*

*Rose.* La, ma'am! here's such a handsome young stranger asking for you, and impatient to see you.

*Mrs. Bel.* Show him in.

*Rose.* He is coming, ma'am. Well, how genteel he is!

*Har.* (*Coming up stairs—speaking without, in a familiar, but foppish tone of voice.*) Up stairs—very well—I'll find her—don't trouble yourself, friend.

*Mrs. Bel.* Yes, 'tis she.

*Enter HARRIET, in Men's Clothes, L.H.*

*She approaches to embrace Mrs. Belmour, who points to Rose—Harriet stops suddenly, and affects confusion and mystery.*

*Mrs. Bel.* (*After a pause.*) Leave us, Rose.

*Rose.* (*Without moving.*) Yes ma'am. (*Aside.*)



Who can it be? Now I shall hear and see every thing.

*Mrs. Bel.* Leave us, I say; nor return to the drawing-room till I call you.

*Rose. (Aside.)* Dear! dear! I shall hear and see nothing—Yes, ma'am. *(Aside.)* Oh, I see it all—my poor master!

[*Exit, L.H.*

*Mrs. Bel.* At length, then, you are here; my heart is happy once more to embrace my dear Harriet; I was impatient to see you.

*Har.* Your impatience could not exceed mine; seas have divided us for years. I am an old campaigner, but tired of the wars, I am returned with joy to my native country, and will inhabit no place which is not occupied by my charming sister.

*Mrs. Bel.* Well, then, let us to our project; time presses.

*Har.* Oh, I am quite *au fait*; Percival has told me your case, and I have undertaken the cure. A husband dare determine not to be jealous!—we'll see—we'll try him, and be revenged. To be so indifferent within a year after marriage, it makes me burn with indignation; but first tell me, shall I do? have I the airs and graces of a pretty fellow—of such a fellow now, as one of the thousand butterflies who flutter round married women, with no hope but that of making husbands uncomfortable—no triumph but making them jealous, without any other motive than making themselves notorious, and often without any other result than making themselves ridiculous? Well, d'ye think I shall do?

*Mrs. Bel.* It is impossible to be better; the more I examine you, the more I doubt if I am really speaking to my sister Harriet.

*Har.* Let the enemy appear then, and we will soon gain the victory. Where is he?

*Mrs. Bel.* As usual, in his study—Ah, he comes!

*Enter BELMOUR from his Study, R.H.—Paper in his hand, which he is reading.—He appears animated with pleasure at having solved the Problem, and passes before his Wife and HARRIET to the front of the Stage without seeing them.*

*Bel.* At length it is solved—As A is to B, so is B to C.

*Mrs. Bel.* He is so wrapp'd up in his mathematics, that he has not even seen us.

*Bel.* And as B is to C, so is the square of A K.—Yes, 'tis correct—quite correct.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Advancing towards Belmour with Harriet.*) Mr. Belmour—

*Bel.* (*Still reading Paper.*) Pardon me, my dear Elizabeth, I really did not perceive you. What is become of Percival?

*Mrs. Bel.* He accompanied me home, but departed instantly.

*Bel.* Gone! without his problem! I hope he will return presently. (*Contemplating his Paper.*) What a complete solution! So concise, yet so clear.

*Mrs. Bel.* His brain is certainly turned.

*Har.* What a happy species of insanity! I should enjoy it in a husband of mine amazingly.

*Mrs. Bel.* And I am enraged at it.

*Har.* He pays me no more attention, than if I were a piece of furniture.—(*Bowing to Belmour.*)—I have the honour, sir—

*Mrs. Bel.* A little louder.

*Har.* I say, sir, I have the honour to see—

*Bel.* (*Still at his Problem.*) What perception! What perspicuity!

*Har.* (*Laughing.*) He sees—he hears nothing—it was thus—I suppose, that Archimedes dreamt in Syracuse, while Marcellus took the city.

*Mrs. Bel.* Think rather of revenging me than laughing at him.



*Har. (Approaching Belmour.)* Sir, I have the honour—

*Bel. (Starting.)* Ah! A stranger!

*Mrs. Bel.* It is a young and learned relation and friend of my family. He is just returned from his travels, and I thought you would be delighted to know him. He is come to England expressly to—to renew his acquaintance with me. Knowing that, like yourself, he was fond of literature and science, I have anticipated your wishes by this introduction.

*Bel.* So young! and at an age when pleasure forms the general object of pursuit, does your friend already cultivate and cherish the nobler arts?

*Mrs. Bel.* O yes—Hebrew—Greek—Algebra—every thing.

*Bel.* 'Tis well; he is your friend, he must be mine. *(Offers his hand—Harriet takes Mrs. Belmour's.)*

*Har. (Kissing Mrs. Belmour's hand.)* Ah, sir, you must permit me on the hand of your charming lady to thank her for her unmerited eulogy.

*Bel. (Waiting till Harriet has done kissing Mrs. Belmour's hand, which she does several times.)* Sir, I really beg your pardon, but—

*Har. (With a careless foppish air.)* You see I treat Elizabeth without any ceremony; educated together under the same roof, we have contracted these little habits of intimacy; they go no farther, I assure you; they need not make you uneasy—Oh dear, no—not at all—need they, Elizabeth? *(Looking and smiling at Mrs. Belmour, who smiles in return, while Belmour gradually assumes an appearance of surprise.)* Don't you observe some resemblance between us—something analogous to fraternity. It is sympathy, all sympathy, I assure you—downright legitimate sympathy. In my travels, I could think of nothing amidst the variety by which I was surrounded, but Elizabeth; my tender friendship decorated every landscape in imagination with her sylph-like form. *(Mrs. Belmour smiles.)* Ah, what a modest blush suffuses her lovely cheek! What a charming smile

plays around the dimples of her lips ! The rose caressed by the morning zephyr, is not more sweet, more fresh.

SONG.

*Nature, with her fairy finger,  
Never gave the blushing rose,  
Tints so warm as those which linger,  
Where thy lovely cheeks repose.  
Toiling slaves, of freedom dreaming,  
Never drew from eastern mine,  
Diamonds half so brightly beaming,  
As those sparkling eyes of thine.*

*Mrs. Bel. (Coquettishly.)* Ah ! now you flatter me.

*Bel. (Aside.)* Am I awake !

*Har.* To find modesty thus united with beauty, is indeed a rarity. Upon my faith, I see London is the place at last, to form the complete woman ; for, without compliment, I find you amazingly improved since you have quitted our shades of rustic retirement. It is a year, I think, since we were used to wander through the groves, to listen to the tender nightingale.—Yes, a year since, when enraged at your departure, I quitted home within an hour after you left the village. Your absence deprived it of every attraction. Since that period, I have trod upon classic ground—contemplated the triumphal arches of Roman conquerors, and wept upon the tomb of Virgil—marched with a bounding heart over the plains of Marathon—and pondered with a bleeding one upon the rock so fatal to the tender Sappho. The capitals of Europe have, by turns, been my residence—men of literature, and women of beauty and wit, have been my companions ; but I have traversed the world in vain, to find so many charms and delights as are concentrated here.

*Bel.* Since London, sir, possesses your favourable

opinion, perhaps it is your intention to settle among us, sir.

*Har.* A good guess—my project exactly.—I never more shall quit the spot inhabited by Mrs. Belmour. (*Smiles with Mrs. Belmour.*)

*Bel. (Aside.)* What does he mean? Is this inexperience or folly, or merely an assumption of the levity of foreign manners? I begin not to like him—Rose—

*Enter ROSE, running, L.H.*

—Order the breakfast.

*Rose.* It is coming, sir.

*Bel.* You will, I trust, favour our breakfast-table with your company.

*Har. (Giving his Hat and Gloves to Rose.)* To be sure I shall. Did you think I would not breakfast with you?

*Rose. (Aside.)* Free and easy, however.

*(Servants lay Breakfast.)*

*Har.* By the bye, I intended taking up my quarters in town, at your friend Percival's; but really it is so crowded with Venuses, Apollos, Egyptian mummies, cauldrons, crucibles, and electrifying machines, that I fear there will be no room for me. I shall dread receiving an electric shock at the touch of every bell-pull, and shall expect to be embraced at every turn, by some of his spring-moving anatomies. So that, (*with nonchalance*)—if quite convenient—I shall be vastly happy—to—take—up—my—residence with—you—during my stay in town, (*Silence*)—Eh! Mis—ter Bel—mour.

*Bel. (Aside; but heard by Rose.)* What! make my house his home!

*Rose.* Lord, sir, there's no doubt of that.—His carriage is already in the coach-house, his horses in the stable, and his servants in the attics.

*Mrs. Bel. (To Harriet.)* To the life—my dear sister, to the life.

*Bel. (Aside.)* Ah, they whisper—what new feeling

is this. Come, my love, the breakfast waits, your friend must need refreshment.

*(Mr. Belmour presents his Hand to Mrs. Belmour; Harriet does the same: Mrs. Belmour hesitates, but finishes by taking Harriet's. Belmour starts with surprise, and attempts to take a chair, which Harriet takes from him, and he remains in front.)*

*Har. (Seating Mrs. Belmour, and taking her own Seat at the head of the Table).* Come, Belmour—excuse my calling you Belmour—Come, sit down.

*(Belmour sits—Harriet makes the Tea—his surprise increases.)*

—Now, sir, black or green—Mrs. Belmour, chocolate or coffee? Lord, you have no appetite, sir.—You appear thoughtful, my lovely friend.

*Mrs. Bel.* I was thinking of the possibility of making your intended apartment agreeable.

*Bel. (Ironically.)* Really! had your friend done me the honour to advise me of his intended visit, I should have done my best endeavours to have accommodated him. But as it is—

*Har.* Oh, never mind—never mind—you will not find me over-scrupulous. The humblest apartment—*(To Mrs. Belmour.)*—near to you, madam, will be delightful; now that, for instance—or that—or the blue room.

*Bel. (Aside.)* Upon my word, he disposes of my house as though it were his own!

*Mrs. Bel.* You are amazingly good.

*Rose. (Aside.)* Amazingly!

*Mrs. Bel.* Will you indulge us with your society long?

*Bel.* Oh, no doubt!

*Har.* Upon my honour, madam, my hopes of pleasure, while domesticated with you, are so great, that, with your permission, we will not anticipate a separation.

*Rose. (Aside.)* Lord help us—what impudence!



*Bel. (Aside.)* But you are not yet domesticated, thank heaven!

*Har.* Then I shall, for the future, make your house my home—give my cards of address here—order my parcels to be directed here—dine my friends here—and all that. Upon my word, Belmour, you have such a way of putting one at one's ease, that I am as much at home already, as though I had been living here these twenty years.

*Bel. (Aside.)* Astonishing impertinence!

*Rose. (Aside.)* Oh, it is a settled thing—my mistress is in the plot—I see it all!

*Mrs. Bel.* Come, sir, you are a great voyager, and have doubtless seen many things worthy of observation.

*Har.* Yes, madam, I have indeed seen much. In every country I have associated with the philosopher, as well as the courtier—made love to the women, and raked with the men—danced fandangos with the Spaniards—waltzed with the Germans, and cotillionized with the French: and, at the end of a long and perilous pilgrimage, in the pursuit of philosophy, I find that its best source is pleasure—that the best pleasure is woman; and if you will hear my dull finger on the piano, and my croaking voice will not disturb the meditations of Mr. Belmour, you shall hear my sentiment in a song.

*Mrs. Bel.* Oh! by all means. (*Goes to the Piano with Harriet.*)

*Har. (After playing a Prelude.)* Were my tongue to describe the sensation of my heart at the sound of this piano, it would say they arose because the keys were sometimes touched by the fair hand of Elizabeth.

*Mrs. Bel.* I play but little.

(*Seats herself by the side of Harriet—Belmour, who has been lost in thought, looks up at Harriet's last Speech, and appears troubled.*)

SONG.—HARRIET.

*With study to fill up our leisure,  
Let ancient philosophers preach;*

*'Tis better to fill it with pleasure,  
Both nature and sympathy teach.*

*Believe me, the man is mistaken,  
Who in books only finds his delight :  
No study to pleasure can waken,  
Like studying eyes that are bright.*

*If by physiognomy learning,  
The mind through the features to trace ;  
Grave brows of philosophers spurning,  
I'd study in woman's sweet face.*

*If astronomy's wonders had charms, sir,  
My stars shouldn't be in the sky ;  
My Zodiac would be in her arms, sir,  
My planets would beam in her eye.*

*Mrs. Bel.* Delightful !

*Rose.* (*Aside.*) Ah, my mistress is pleased, and my master is enraged.

*Mrs. Bel.* The verses too are delightful !

*Rose.* My master thinks otherwise—he'll be jealous at last, thank heaven.

[*Exit with breakfast things, L.H.*

*Har.* I am proud indeed of your approbation ; and if you will design to assist me in my studies, I think I shall soon defy even Mr. Belmour himself to surpass me.

*Mrs. Bel.* There are many learned men whom I consider estimable ; but if they resembled you, they would indeed be irresistible.

*Bel.* (*Aside, starting.*) Ah, that observation was directed at me ;—by heavens, she laughs at me !

*Har.* Mr. Belmour is ill, I fear ; he appears agitated.

*Bel.* (*With emotion.*) Agitated ! oh, no—no, sir—



it is impossible to be otherwise than agitated—agreeably, sir, in your society.

*Mrs. Bel.* Oh, no—it is his manner only ; Mr. Belmour is generally so wrapped up in study, that outward objects are indifferent to him. He pursues the speculations of his own mind in society, and—(*Anxiously to Belmour.*) But you appear *really* ill, Mr. Belmour—perhaps—(*Inquiringly.*)—perhaps you are jealous ?

*Bel.* Jealous ! I jealous, madam ! What, of a boy—of a boy ! No, no, madam !

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Coldly and disappointed.*) A boy ! Oh, in modern days, manhood commences early. Look through society, who are our greatest libertines ? Your boys ! Who are the dangles after your demireps of fashion ? Your boys ! But perhaps—(*Anxiously*) you may have an objection to extend your hospitality so far as to admit my friend as an inmate.

*Bel.* (*Aside.*) I must hide these feelings, and appear tranquil. Oh, no, madam, quite the contrary ; I shall be happy—very—ha—happy in his society.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*To Harriet, disappointedly.*) Ah, he consents to it.

*Har.* So much the better.

*Mrs. Bel.* But he is not jealous.

*Har.* Hush ! he observes us.

*Bel.* (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, 'tis plain—there is some mystery—some plot—some—surely I'm not jealous.

*Har.* (*To Mrs. Belmour.*) He begins to be uneasy—I see the first symptoms.

*Bel.* (*Aside.*) And I am to admit him as an inmate too !

*Har.* (*To Mrs. Belmour.*) Courage ! The symptoms redouble—he talks to himself.

*Bel.* I must be satisfied—I will interrogate Percival. (*Loud.*) You have known my friend Percival for some time ?

*Har.* Oh, yes, from infancy.

*Bel.* He conducted you here ?

*Har.* Oh, no; he was too much immersed in some philosophical experiment—the decomposition of some mineral fluid. By the bye, I beg ten thousand pardons, but he desired me to say, that he was anxiously waiting your assistance in the solution of some problem. You had better go.

*Bel.* Yes, true; you say he expects me—I will go—*(Aside.)* Shall I leave them together?

*Mrs. Bel.* You will not be very long, I suppose, Mr. Belmour?

*Bel. (Aside.)* Ah, she wishes me gone. She wants to ascertain the moment of my return; but I am not jealous. *(Loud.)* Perhaps you will accompany me, sir. *(Anxiously trying to take Harriet with him.)*

*Har.* No, no, I am obliged to you. I am vastly well here—use no ceremony with me I beg.—Your Elizabeth will find me entertainment—you'd better go.—Don't let me detain you from your friend.

*Bel. (Aside.)* Impudence! Elizabeth! but I am not jealous.—Yes, I will go—but will return and surprise them.—*(Loud.)* Your pardon for leaving you, but—jealous! ridiculous! yet 'tis very odd all this.

*Har.* Oh never mind—good morning. You had better make haste, or the fluid will be decomposed, and the experiment over before your arrival. Good morning.

*Bel. (Aside.)* The coxcomb turns me out of my own house.—I am thunderstruck—but as to jealousy, that's too absurd an idea.—Pshaw! nonsense! I am not jealous.

*[Exit, L.H. but returns in a minute—looks at Harriet and Mrs. Belmour.]*

*Har.* Well!

*Bel.* Well!

*Mrs. Bel.* Are you come back for any thing?

*Bel.* Yes, I am come back for—I am come back—I am not jealous. *[Exit hastily, L.H.]*

*Mrs. Bel.* You see it is of no use.—He departs—he leaves us together.—Such coldness—such indiffer-

ence irritates me more than I can express. After having absolutely roused his suspicions, to leave us thus *tête à tête*, is unbearable.

*Har.* Curious enough, to be sure. There are many women, I fear who would be delighted with so *easy* a husband.

*Mrs. Bel.* 'Tis plain he loves me not.

*Har.* I am not so certain of that yet.

*Mrs. Bel.* What more can I do to prove it ?

*Har.* Stop ! an idea strikes me. If I recollect right, your boudoir is so sacred to yourself, that even he is seldom admitted.

*Mrs. Bel.* True.

*Har.* We will enter it, and remain there till his return. If that does not rouse his jealousy, he is incorrigible, and I give him up.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Alarmed.*) I fear we shall go too far.

*Har.* 'Tis desperate—but the only means left ; and, the better to deceive him, we will bribe your servant.

*Mrs. Bel.* I tremble—

*Har.* Nonsense, it must be done ; and I see Rose coming.

*Enter ROSE, L.H.*

(*Harriet kisses Mrs. Belmour's hand ardently.*)

—Oh how sweet are such moments as these !—They are worth the rest of our lives !

*Rose.* (*At the top of the stage, aside.*) Can I believe my eyes ?

*Har.* (*Feigning surprise.*) Ah, we are observed—so much the better. Now place her quickly as a centinel.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Hesitating.*) Rose—

*Rose.* Ma—a—m.

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Hesitating still.*) Rose—

*Har.* Come, come, courage.

*Mrs. Bel.* Is Mr. Belmour gone out, Rose.

*Rose.* Oh yes, Ma'am he is already in the next street. He went out in such haste, he forgot to take off his dressing-gown. (*Aside.*) What can all this mean?

*Mrs. Bel.* Do you think he will be long absent?

*Rose.* No doubt, ma'am. He is gone about his philosophy business.

*Mrs. Bel.* True, true, Rose, I know your prudence. I can depend on your fidelity.

*Rose.* Oh yes, ma'am, that you may. (*Aside.*) I do see it all now.

*Mrs. Bel.* I know it, dear Rose.

*Rose.* (*Aside.*) Dear Rose!—Oh, I can be useful here.

*Mrs. Bel.* My friend wishes much to see the drawings, which he well remembers to have made when we were children. They are in the boudoir.

*Rose.* (*Aside.*) The boudoir!—Yes, ma'am.

*Mrs. Bel.* I wish to show them to him—without—without the danger of interruption.

*Rose.* Yes, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Oh lord, I see it all.

*Mrs. Bel.* You, my good Rose—stay here—and prevent any body from—from—

*Har.* You understand, my good Rose.—Now mind, guard your post well—be vigilant and, above all, be discreet. (*Gives her a purse.*)

*Rose.* Yes, yes, sir—Well, was ever—but my master, madam,—should he return!

*Mrs. Bel.* Your master!

*Har.* Detain him here.—We would not be interrupted for the world by him. That would be vastly unpleasant.

*Rose.* Well, I am absolutely astounded!

*Har.* Now, my lovely Elizabeth—the pictures—

[*Exeunt Harriet and Mrs. Belmour into boudoir.*]

*Rose.* His lovely Elizabeth! lord! lord! well, I never was so surprised! lord! I do believe they've lock'd the door—Oh, 'tis plain—'tis clear—poor Mr. Belmour!—poor Mr. Philosopher! well, I can scarcely believe my eyes, nor my ears, nor my tongue. Eh!



what's that? who is coming? my master, as I am alive! I shall die of fright.

*Enter BELMOUR, agitated extremely, L.H.*

*Bel.* Known and loved each other from infancy! Tenderness unabated! Constancy unequalled! Would not introduce him himself—and coming to put me on my guard!

*Rose. (Aside.)* What do I hear!

*Bel.* Yes, yes, 'tis evident he is still beloved—that I am deceived! Oh, agonies till now unknown! What shall I do? Where fly! How revenge! I'll smother him—Rose—Rose—

*Rose.* Here, sir—lord, I'm in such a tremble.

*Bel.* Come near—come near, I say. (*Passionately.*)

*Rose.* Ye—e—e—es, Sir.

*Bel.* Where is your mistress?

*Rose.* Who—o—o—o, Sir? My mis—is—istress, sir?

*Bel.* Answer me instantly—where is she?

*Rose.* She is, sir—she is sir—in the bou—bou—boudoir, sir.

*Bel.* Ah! (*Approaches the Door.*)

*Rose. (Stopping him.)* Sir, my mistress, sir—my mistress—

*Bel.* Well—

*Rose.* Desired not to be interrupted, sir.

*Bel.* Ah, a mystery! And this friend—this new comer—where is he? (*Passionately.*) Where is this coxcomb, I say?

*Rose.* Coc—oc—oc—oc—xcomb, sir!

*Bel.* Your mistress's new friend—my would-be visitor—where is he? answer me, or—

*Rose.* I will—I will, sir. But I'm afraid you'll be angry, sir.

*Bel. (Restraining himself with difficulty.)* No—no, I am quite—quite cool.—Speak—speak—

*Rose.* He is with my lady, sir.

*Bel. (Breathless.)* What ! in the bou—bou—boudoir ?

*Rose.* Ye—e—s, sir.

*Bel.* Incredible audacity ! But I will confound them. (*Goes to the Boudoir Door.*) Ah, the door locked ! This is too much—heaven grant me patience ! Stand aside—stand aside, I say, I *will* enter.

(*Pushes Rose aside—rushes to the door, which opens, and discovers Mrs. Belmour and Harriet, who enter—Belmour starts and regards them with fury.*)

*Mrs. Bel.* Ah, my husband ! Fly, my friend !

*Har. (With nonchalance.)* Fly ! What, run away ! No, no, his presence is not quite so redoubtable.

*Bel.* He adds insult to outrage.

*Rose.* For heaven's sake leave her, sir—his anger will drive him to some act of violence.

*Har.* Oh, never fear, this is not the first time I have had to encounter a jealous husband !

*Rose. (Aside.)* There'll be murder—I see it all !

*Bel.* Quit the house, sir, instantly—quit the roof whose hospitality you have violated.—I shall seek you at Percival's, and you know what must follow.

*Har.* What, quit Elizabeth ! no, no, you will ill treat her ; besides, why should you be so unreasonable as to separate us !

*Rose. (Aside.)* Lord, I tremble with fright at his impudence !

*Bel.* Quit the house instantly, that my own floors may not be stained with the blood my vengeance calls for.

*Har.* Well, since you are at present a little warm—

*Bel.* A little warm ! a little devil !—Quit my sight !—quit my sight, I say, lest my house prove no longer a protection to its inmate.

*Har.* Don't go too far, Mr. Belmour.

*Rose. (Dragging off Harriet.)* Oh, come, sir, for heaven's sake leave him. He is jealous.

(*Draws Harriet off during the following Trio.*)



TRIO.—HARRIET, ROSE, and BELMOUR.

Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Bel. With fury my bosom's enrag'd.

Har. I'll return when your anger is past.

Mrs. B. you'll be then disengag'd.

Har. & } Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. } Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Bel. I shall murder the fellow at last!

Bel. Quit my sight, let me see him no longer.

Har. Dearest madam, pray pinion him fast.

Bel. Than reason my passion is stronger,

Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Har. & } Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. } Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Bel. I shall murder the fellow at last!

Har. Ah, now should you tell us,

You'll never be jealous,

Such principles we will refute,

For evil's the hour,

When man dares the power

Of woman supreme, to dispute.

Bel. Quit my sight, let me see him no longer.

Har. Dearest madam, pray pinion him fast.

Bel. Than reason my passion is stronger.

Har. Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Har. & } Ha! ha! ha!

Rose. } Poor man, he is jealous at last!

Bel. I shall murder the fellow at last!

[Exeunt Rose and Harriet, R.H.]

(Belmour falls into a Chair.)

Mrs. Bel. (Aside.) Ah, I triumph! my doubts of his love are dissipated. He is enraged, and I begin to be happy—Belmour—

Bel. (Rising.) Speak not a word. Adieu! adieu! for ever.

Mrs. Bel. Will you not listen to me? One word will restore you to tranquillity. You are deceived.

*Bel.* Deceived!—true!—I am deceived—wretchedly—miserably deceived; but I will be revenged. Leave me, madam—quit my sight for ever. Your minion paramour shall pay with his life the forfeit of your mutual guilt; while you shall linger on your miserable existence despised by all, an outcast from society!

*Mrs. Bel.* Nay, nay, whence comes this blind ungovernable fury? Where is your philosophy?

*Bel.* (*After a pause, in an agony of passion.*) I am jealous!

*Mrs. Bel.* (*Joyfully.*) Then I am loved and happy!

*Bel.* Happy!

*Mrs. Bel.* Yes, Belmour, did you know the happiness these transports occasion me, you would have been jealous long—long before.

*Bel.* Yes, madam, but I was deceived by your appearances of virtue—deluded by your expressions of affection. But I have discovered all—this friend—this cousin (the devil cozen him!) was always beloved by you—always preferred—opportunity was only wanting to complete my dishonour. But vengeance shall fall upon the devoted head—

*Enter* HARRIET, as a Woman, and ROSE, R.H.

*Har.* Of your humble servant, I suppose.

*Bel.* What do I see?

*Mrs. Bel.* My sister Harriet, whom you have often wished as a companion to your Elizabeth. Can you forgive me the deceit? (*All laugh at him.*)

*Bel.* A woman! a real woman!

*Har.* Yes, sir, a true woman, upon my honour.

*Rose.* I answer for that, sir.

*Har.* I suppose you will now consent a little more cheerfully to my abode here. 'Twas but a *ruse de marriage*, to revenge my sister for your indifference—let it be a lesson for you, not to defy the power of our sex, to make even a philosopher jealous.

*Bel.* I see it is not enough to love—we must also show our affection. Like other philosophers I confess

your fascinating power; but beware how you use it wantonly, lest the heart which you would only bend should break.

### Finale.

Mrs. BELMOUR, HARRIET, and ROSE.

*Then learn ye from this, each indifferent spouse,  
'Tis in vain of your passion to tell us;  
We ne'er can believe in the truth of your vows,  
If our charms cannot render you jealous.*

BELMOUR.

*Then learn ye from this, each indifferent spouse,  
What the women determine to tell us;  
They ne'er can believe in the truth of our vows,  
If their charms cannot render us jealous.*

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*Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.*



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
 consideration of the problem, and to the  
 derivation of the general formulae for the  
 calculation of the various quantities which  
 enter into the problem.

In the second part of the paper, the  
 various quantities which enter into the  
 problem are calculated, and the results are  
 compared with the results obtained by  
 other authors. The third part of the  
 paper is devoted to a discussion of the  
 results, and to the derivation of the  
 general formulae for the calculation of the  
 various quantities which enter into the  
 problem.

The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a  
 discussion of the results, and to the  
 derivation of the general formulae for the  
 calculation of the various quantities which  
 enter into the problem.

